What Would Will Graham Do? (Prompt Fills)

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What Would Will Graham Do? (Prompt Fills)

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Each chapter is a response to a prompt or some such! Some are related, some are not.

Notes

1) Hannibal trying to pick a puppy for Will - prompted by DrJLecter (post S3 Murder Husbands).
2) Hannibal wearing his murder suit to deal with the new puppy in the house. Very serious about it - prompted by Firuflies & Starkaryen (post S3 Murder Husbands).
3) angst and cuddles from twitter prompt: Will having a sensitive day, where he just want to stay home and have Hannibal kiss him all over" from murdergatsby (post S3 Murder Husbands).
4) self-prompted from a tumblr post re: AU in which Will is the sheriff and Hannibal is the town mayor who is about to lose his shit over Will deputizing a dog (again).
5) For #Hannictober prompt Haunted House - season 1 AU where Will takes Hannibal on their first date.
6) Prompt from TCBook: Hannibal or Will after the dentist being too romantic too affectionate in public and also horny
7) Prompt from gilbo-shu-59: wedding hannibal
8) Sueño por el queso - some crack for @hannibalcreative #Hannibalibre
9) Prompt from SourWolf_Cas: hannibal - will travel (or...honey moon ¿maybe?) in Argentina
10) Prompt: Season 1 AU - secretly dating and caught!
11) Prompt: Will can't figure out what to get Hannibal for Christmas
12) Prompt: Greysweatpants Challenge
13) Prompt: Blind Date AU
14) Prompt: Soul Mates AU (Hannigram and Spacedogs)
15) From Tumblr: Little Stag Man (Hannigram AU)
16) From Tumblr: Anniversary gift (Hannigram S4)
17) From Tumblr: Japan (Hannigram S4)
18) From Tumblr: Mardi Gras (Hannigram)
19) Prompt: masturbation - "My Feelings" (Hannigram S2)
20) Prompt: vampire au, tending wounds - "A Life Debt" (Hannigram S4)

What Would Will Graham Do?

“Hannibal?” Will had heard the car pull up and was surprised that Hannibal hadn’t immediately come into the house, he was even more surprised when he looked up at his husband. Hannibal was a mess – hair all over the place, clothes disheveled and even ripped here and there.

“Oh my god! What happened?” Will was immediately on his feet fearing the worst. “Do we need to get the bags?” They always had a set of bags with essentials and papers ready to go, but in their 4 years on the run they hadn’t needed them. *Until now*, Will lamented.

They’d been in the little cottage in Brittany for over two years now and Will had to admit that despite all efforts not to, he had become attached to the place, the lifestyle, even some of the people they had started to count as friends.

He had already set off towards the bedroom before Hannibal spoke, slightly out of breath –

“No, no… we’re safe. I just had a small… problem.”

“What? Hannibal you’re freaking me out!”

“Maybe it would be best if you came out to the car.”

Will was less panicked but still worried about what the hell was going on. They hadn’t hunted in a few weeks but even so, Hannibal was smart enough not to do anything inappropriate and certainly not to bring a corpse to their home – he hoped.

The commotion coming from the car was bizarre. The car was practically rocking as though someone were trying to escape, and only flashes of dark hair could be seen within. Fur?

“Hannibal… what did you do…?” Will spoke slowly, his mind still trying to make sense of what he was seeing.

“Happy Anniversary….?” Hannibal said warily, trying but failing to sound jovial.

Will stepped to the car and began trying to count the furry movement within. “You drove home with six loose dogs in the car? You could have fucking died!”

“Seven… Mitsy, the Chihuahua is too small to be seen but I believe she is currently in the front foot well. Or at least she was when I attempted to brake when pulling up.”

“Fuck! Hannibal!! What… why?”

“I knew you wanted a dog Will, don’t think that I don’t know you well enough that you can hide such a thing from me. And we’re so settled here now I thought it would be a good chance.”

“But… SEVEN Hannibal. You’ve brought home seven dogs?”

“Yes… well, they were the only available ones at the animal shelter…”

“Am I supposed to pick one and send the rest back?”

“Oh, no no… they are all yours… ours.”

“Hannibal?”

And then finally Hannibal broke. The stoic look he had been attempting, broke completely and he reddened. Will’s jaw dropped as he watched the cannibal blush. “I… couldn’t leave them there. Mitsy is unlikely to be rehomed due to her age, Max is not good with cats. We don’t have cats…” Will was struck dumb as he watched Hannibal count them off on his fingers. Four more dogs and their rehoming sob stories later he came to the final one “and Bagel… she… is… incontinent.”

“The dog is called Bagel?” Will asked, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“She enjoys eating inappropriate food… this maybe a factor in the incontinency.”

Will just stared at Hannibal.

“I blame you entirely.” Hannibal said after a few moments, reacting to Will’s glare. “I believe you have been a bad influence on me! I kept thinking *What would Will Graham do?* He certainly wouldn’t have left all these poor, precious puppies at the shelter when we have plenty of room here.” He indicated the wooded area around the cottage with a sweep of his arm.

“Jesus Christ.” Will finally exclaimed, a little overwhelmed by the turn of events. “Fine, let’s get them out of the car and into the barn, then I’ll go and get supplies as I’m assuming it didn’t cross your mind to get food, beds, bowls, leashes?” Will counted them off as Hannibal had counted off the dogs.

“Their immediate well being was of more concern to me-”

Will cut him off with a hand held up. “Fine. I will take care of it. Help me get them to the barn and you can pull out the hose while I’m gone, so we can shampoo them all before they step foot in the cottage.”

“*In* the cottage?”

“Where did you think they’d live Hannibal?” Will didn’t wait for the answer as he stepped towards the car and Hannibal looked hopefully at the barn. A look from Will at that point was clearly enough to nip in the bud any ideas that Hannibal had of housing the dogs there permanently.

“Oh, and one last thing.” Will started, his voice stern though tinged with humour. “Bagel is your dog!”

Murder Suit

Chapter Summary

> 2) Hannibal wearing his murder suit to deal with the new puppy in the house. Very serious about it - prompted by Firuflies & Starkaryen.
>
> I continued this on from the first chapter so it doesn't exactly fit the prompt but hopefully is still enjoyable!

“Hannibal… what’s going on?” Will looked at his husband wearing his plastic *murder suit* over the smart-casual wear he had taken to in France.

“To what are you referring Will?” Hannibal seemed unphased as he went on with what he was doing – collecting a mop and bucket from the amenities room.

“What did you do?” Will’s voice trembled a little with worry as he stepped in front of the cannibal, forcing him to stop and interact properly. “Have you… Hannibal, have you killed someone-“

“Come now Will! What sort of rash and impetuous fool do you take me for. I’m not the one who threw us over a cliff if you recall!”

“No, you’re the one who brought home seven dogs.”

“I can… make no argument there.”

“Why are you wearing the suit?” Will said cutting to the point. He was a little taken aback by the frown that creased Hannibal’s face and the stern tone to the words.

“It’s a terrible thing Will. A very awful thing. Bagel, she’s…”

“Oh my god, is she dead? What did you do?”

“Will! Why on earth would I kill a dog? Much less the dearest soul that is our Bagel.”

“*Your Bagel!* And possibly because she’s started shitting everywhere again since you changed her diet… oh….” The realisation hit Will and he pinched the bridge of his nose. “Where.”

“The sun room.”

“How bad?”

“Do you remember the florist in Nice?”

“Fuck! That bad?” Will shook his head and began to pace. The Florist in Nice hadn’t been as dead as they had thought and the result was the bloodiest crime scene Will had ever attended let alone

created. They had ended up burning down the small apartment to hide the evidence as an electrical fire before moving on. “Are you trying to tell me there is shit all up the walls?”

“Indeed. And also the ceiling.” He indicated by holding up the mop, his plastic suit squeaking as he did so.

Will sighed. He was trying to decide whether or not to offer help – he really, REALLY didn’t want to – when Hannibal reached to the counter and with a completely straight face pulled on a pair of goggles. He straightened them up and took hold of the mop and bucket.

“Not to worry Will, I have this in hand.”

Will rolled his eyes. Even about shit this man could be serious!? He shook his head. “I’m going fishing.” He announced, deciding he would give Bagel a good glare as he passed her in the yard. She was definitely in his bad books now – how could he ever find Hannibal arousing in that suit again now that he had used it to clean up dog shit?!

TLDR: Will being clingy, cuddly, and stubborn. Hannibal is gonna love it.

Chapter Summary

TLDR: Will being clingy, cuddly, and stubborn. Hannibal is gonna love it.

Will dragged himself from the bed to the bathroom and back before wondering if he could stay in his room for the rest of the day, maybe the rest of the week. His skin itched and ached at the same time. Everything was sensitive to touch and yet - that's all he wanted. All he craved. He knew it was a mental thing, an emotional one, not physical. It wasn't usually this bad, but then in the past he'd had company - he'd had his dogs to hold onto before it got to this point. And if it did go this far? He'd go to a bar, he'd pick up a girl or a guy and give them what they wanted so he could take what he needed.

The thought of doing that now, with Hannibal sleeping in the next room, made him feel sick to his stomach.

He decided to stay in his room, hide under three heavy blankets and wait for the feeling to pass.

He wasn't surprised when Hannibal knocked on his door at noon.

"Will, are you ok? If you're sick I can bring you something?"

Will felt his chest tighten. He knew exactly what he wanted. He wanted to stay in his bed and have Hannibal kiss him all over, press him to the bed and be comforted under his weight.

"I want…" He started. He knew, of course he knew, all he had to do was ask. He shook away the tempting thought. "I miss my dogs."

*

"Are you alright Will?" Hannibal's words broke his thoughts.

He was standing outside the cottage, forcing himself to just stand there and not go and hide in his room as that feeling crept back on him over the course of the day. It had been a couple of weeks since last time and it was overwhelming to feel this way again so soon. Was it because they were living in close proximity now? Though it hadn't been this bad when living with Molly. Was it because he wanted Hannibal… He pushed the thought down and then let out an involuntary laugh - was it in fact because he was refusing to deal with thoughts that he might want Hannibal Lecter.

"Will?"

"I'm fine… I…" He knew all he had to do was ask. He knew Hannibal would give him what he needed - wanted?

He turned and looked at Hannibal, concern writ large on the man's face. He felt weak. He didn't want to. He didn't want to admit this kind of weakness to himself, to Hannibal. But also he would really like to be kissed, immediately.

Will shuddered and broke the eye contact. All he had to do was ask.

He grunted a response and went to his room.

*

The days were blurring into one, it felt like there was no end to this. He couldn't eat, felt cold though the weather was warming, felt stressed to breaking.

Hannibal clearly knew something was wrong. He'd stopped asking because Will had kept snapping, kept pushing to see how far he could go. Did he want Hannibal to leave? Would that be better? Would it be easier than this almost constant physical feeling of need and the exhausting internal conflict. The battle within himself to either tell Hannibal or just suffer alone.

He knew all he had to do was ask.

*

"Will? Can I come in?"

Will hadn't left his room in two days other than to visit the bathroom. He had just returned from the shower, hoping it would help even a little but it didn't, not anymore. He lay on his bed in just his towel, no point in even dragging the blankets over himself. He was resigned to suffer and they didn't offer much relief any more.

"Yes." The word was out of his mouth before he had chance to think about it.

He knew all he had to do was ask.

"Will…" Hannibal stopped at the sight of him. He knew, despite the shower, he looked rough - his beard was unkempt, his hair a mess, he probably weighed a lot less than the last time Hannibal had seen him like this - when they had taken care of each other's wounds.

"Hannibal, I need…" He looked over and saw the look of desperate concern in Hannibal's face. It tightened his chest to the point where he could no longer draw breath. He knew all he had to do was ask. But could he be so weak, could he be so vulnerable to Hannibal Lecter? "I need to…" A decision, one he had only considered briefly before. "I need to leave. Can you… would you drive me to town? I can book a hotel." and find someone and let them take what they want so I can take what I need. Pretend they are you...

"I… can do that." Hannibal's voice was hard and cold in a way Will wasn't sure he'd ever heard before. He started to turn from Will. "Let me know when you are ready and I will get the keys."

The tremor that broke in Hannibal's voice spurred Will from the bed. His thoughts were several seconds behind his body and it was too late to rein himself in.

"Hannibal wait… I…" He was holding Hannibal's hand in his. They both looked down at the connection and Will's breath shuddered.

“What do you need Will?”

He knew all he had to do was ask.

*

It was too late to hide the tears of relief from Hannibal. They had begun as a sting as he’d pulled Hannibal’s hand up to his chest and then walked them to the bed. They had started to silently flow as he pulled Hannibal down on top of him on the bed.

“I need this.” He managed a whisper. Hannibal’s response was to relax into him, his body melting over Will’s with an unrestrained sound of emotion that Will couldn’t even try to fathom.

They lay like that for what felt like hours. At some point Will had started to move his hands over Hannibal’s clothed form, rubbing, caressing. He pulled the bottom of Hannibal’s sweater up and placed a hand on the bare flesh of his back. That had caused Hannibal’s breath to hitch. And slowly, very slowly, Hannibal’s hands began to move too. Stroking Will’s side and neck, one hand drifting into his hair - drawing sighs from them both.

“What else do you need Will?” Hannibal’s voice was rough and Will realised it was in response to the stirrings of his arousal that Hannibal could clearly feel. He knew he wasn’t going to be able to fight this anymore, and he didn’t want to.

“Would… you kiss me… just that… is that ok?” He asked tentatively. He was weak now but he didn’t care anymore. Being weak and vulnerable to Hannibal felt strangely right.

“Anything Will.” The words were breathed out on a sigh of relief.

Hannibal had obliged, and Will had guided him.

“Yes, there…” as Hannibal moved his lips to the side of Will’s neck. “Mmm, yes…” as lips traveled down his chest and hands began to rub at his shoulders. “Oh… Hannibal…” as warm mouth moved over his navel before working their way back up.

Will was hard, but that wasn’t something he was ready to address yet. This wasn’t about sex or desire, this was about want and need. Hannibal seemed to know, and without prompting he moved to one side, sat and took hold of Will’s right arm and started to trail kisses over the back of his hand, his palm, his wrist.

*

Will woke with his face buried in the pillow. He was naked now, had lost the towel at some point between kisses and sleep. Hannibal, now only in underwear, was spooned against him, pressed to his back and an arm wrapped around him - hand on his chest. Will took hold of the hand and clung to it as he felt Hannibal stir next to him. He wasn’t ready to let go yet.

“Shall I… go make us breakfast?” a tentative and sleep heavy voice from Hannibal, who Will could feel was holding himself very still, perhaps as not to spook him.

“No… Please… I mean, can we stay like this a while.”

“Yes… but then breakfast Will, you need to eat…”

“I will, I will, I just… I want this right now.”

That was met with a low and affectionate chuckle. “Stubborn.”

“If you don’t want… I don’t want you to…”

Will was stopped by a kiss behind his ear. Was this what Hannibal wanted? Clingy, cuddly and stubborn Will Graham? He’d spent so little time thinking about what Hannibal would want in any of this.

“Shh, Will.. this is fine. This is perfect.” He felt Hannibal’s smile on his neck.

“I wasn’t sure what you wanted… If you wanted...” He began.

Hannibal hugged him close and whispered lightly -

“All you had to do was ask.”

Who's running this town anyway?

Chapter Summary

> AU in which Will is the sheriff and Hannibal is the town mayor who is about to lose his shit over Will deputizing a dog (again).

"Sir, it's the Sheriff."

"Will Graham? He's here?" Hannibal's heart lept into his throat and his palms were immediately sweaty, a reaction he had never had to anyone or anything before in his life before meeting the surly and somewhat rude town Sheriff.

"No sir… on the news. He's… deputised a dog… again. It's being called to give evidence. There's a bit of a media circus happening at the courthouse right now… you might want to get down there."

Hannibal gave a curt nod to dismiss his secretary and then tried to pull himself together. He'd had several run ins with the Sheriff since he was elected Mayor a few months earlier. Clashes over insignificant things that had felt more like a personality issue than business.

Hannibal stifled a laugh. It was definitely personal.

The last time he had seen Will Graham it had been the town's main bar during a football game. The crowd was rowdy and the Sheriff was off duty but there to keep an eye on things. Hannibal had stopped in to show his face, show he embraced Americana, and he and Will had got to arguing over some funding issue or other. Hannibal couldn't really remember now, all he could remember was Will insisting they take it outside instead of having public officials arguing in front of town folk. Hannibal had agreed and allowed himself to be lead out the back and into an alley. He hadn't had time to resume his argument because he found himself immediately pressed up against the cold stone wall. For a moment he feared the Sheriff was going to actually assault him, but then he realised he was quite literally between a rock and a hard place when the Sheriff's erection dug into his hip. Hannibal was wide-eyed as Will grinned and then claimed his mouth. It was only when the Sheriff's tongue met his lips that Hannibal responded - and hungrily. Before long they were kissing and rutting like horny teenagers in the dark alleyway.

After several, cock-hardening, minutes they pulled apart to breath. Will was grinning like an idiot.

"Damn! I've wanted to do that for the longest time."

Hannibal was uncharacteristically speechless.

A cheer went up from inside - a goal must have been scored. It drew Will's attention.

"Guess I better head back." He turned to leave before glancing back and adding "But next time I see you, if you would like… I think I'd rather like you to fuck me." There was a coyness mixed in

with the cheshire grin. Hannibal had had to stifle an answering moan as the Sheriff retreated back into the bar.

That had been almost a month ago and Hannibal had avoided him since, despite stupid and ever more frequent attempts to draw him out. Having a dog testify was perhaps the limit. It was difficult to remain professional with the Sheriff behaving so ridiculously, he had to deal with this one way or the other and it was becoming difficult to remain professional.

He dried his sweaty palms with a pocket square and then adjusted his quickly hardening length, because the truth was - he really did want to fuck Will Graham.

Frightful

Chapter Summary

For #Hannictober 17th Prompt: Haunted House

Will takes Hannibal on a date to the funfair

“Is this what you usually do for fun Will?” Hannibal asked him and he felt himself wince, glad that the darkness hid his embarrassment.

“No… I mean… Halloween and all…” He felt awkward, he knew he would. Of course it was going to be awkward asking out a grown man he barely knew, even if he was ridiculously attracted to him. He didn’t even know if Hannibal liked guys, wasn’t even sure he’d made clear this was a date.

“I didn’t mean… I’ve never been to a funfair…” Hannibal still sounded cool and collected even if his words were a bit halted. Will winced again, maybe he thought this was childish. Wasn’t it childish to take a noted ex-surgeon, psychiatrist, culinary master and - wasn’t he a lord or something? - on a (maybe) date to a funfair?

“We can…” He turned but couldn’t make out Hannibal’s face in the darkness of the field they were walking through that had been turned into a parking lot whilst the fair was in town.

“No, no. I’m looking forward to it.” There seemed to be humour in those words, not teasing though, which was at least something. “Perhaps you can bob for apples and win me a cuddly bear.” Hannibal’s words were so smooth they slid over Will’s skin and drew a nervous laugh in response. He hoped that the red hot blush across his cheeks faded by the time they reached the lights up ahead and the edge of the temporary fairground.

“I… uh, don’t think they do apple bobbing. I could I guess do the shooting gallery…” Will swallowed thickly, pretty sure his flirting skills were so terrible as to be mistaken for nothing more than polite conversation.

“Now Will, surely that would be cheating considering you are licensed to carry a firearm.” Hannibal chuckled and Will felt something loosen in his chest. He couldn’t help but return a grin that Hannibal couldn’t see.

“Depends how badly you want something to cuddle up to toni-” he cut off his own words with a cough, realising what he was saying a little too late. Another chuckle from Hannibal did nothing to help the blush that still persisted.

Will was relieved to find the fairground wasn’t too packed, they were able to easily move from stall to stall. They talked as they walked, their arms brushing slightly with each step, making Will tingle.

“You fish in your spare time?”

“Yeah… I find it relaxing. You ever fish?”

“Not my sport I’m afraid. Though I do enjoy cooking fish. Perhaps you’d allow me to cook a catch sometime? Perhaps a dish from your native Louisiana? It’s not a cuisine I have much experience with so you will be my guinea pig in that area of course.” There was enough light now from the temporary lighting and the stalls themselves, that Will could see Hannibal’s rather disarming smile.

“That, uh… yeah, that would be nice.” Will turned away, trying to hide the blush that was threatening to return. “I didn’t realise you knew so much about me.” a nervous laugh escaped him.

“I admit I may have asked around about you. I find you very… interesting.” Hannibal’s voice was so smooth and Will’s nervous laugh continued despite himself.

“Would you, uh… like some candy floss?” He drew their focus to the candy stall they were passing, hoping that the distraction would give him chance to bolster his nerve - now pretty certain that Hannibal was flirting. Maybe.

“Perhaps we can pick up a bag as we leave? Some dessert?” He didn’t imagine how devilish - almost suggestive - Hannibal’s smile was. Ok perhaps he did know it was a date. Perhaps he wanted Will to know that he knew it was a date, because they were suddenly standing pretty close to each other. Considering it was Will who had invited the doctor along, he suddenly felt pretty much out of his depth. Eloquent, charming, handsome, and now dangerously flirtatious - what had he been thinking? Even if was interested in Will it was sure to be a flash in the pan. He couldn’t possibly find Will all that interesting.

Will gulped and nodded.

“Oh, a haunted house.” Will stepped back and towards the attraction across the way. “Uh… wanna check it out?” Will mentally kicked himself for sounding like an idiot teenager. Hannibal smiled again, almost a smirk and Will knew then for sure he was totally out of his depth. He wasn’t sure if he was bothered by that.

They paid at the counter and went into the house. It was poorly decorated. The soundtrack of effects and supposedly scary music was busted and kept cutting out every few moments and at one point it jumped back a few seconds and created a weird sound effect that sounded very much like a fart. Will didn’t know whether to laugh or hide his face in his hands.

Between his confidence deserting him as soon as the doctor started to even talk, and the terrible haunted house he was subjecting said date to, he just wanted the ground to swallow him up. Instead he forced an awkward laugh and they continued on.

A ghostly figure sprang out at them and promptly fell off the spring, leaving the metal frame to retreat exposed as the ghost became a pile of rags on the floor. Hannibal gave a snort of laughter and Will felt embarrassed on behalf of the house and how it was ruining his date.

But the worst was still to come. As they made it towards the end a nightmare vision jumped out at them, this time genuinely making Will start. This was an actual person, well an animal, or something. A wendigo? It was all black with demon red eyes and large antlers that appeared to contain the viscera of someone’s innards. Will’s mind went immediately to the Minnesota Shrike and he reacted before thinking - lashing out a fist to punch the wendigo in the face.

“Ow! Fuck man, I don’t get paid enough for this shit!” The young man dressed as a wendigo removed his mask and rubbed his chin whilst glaring at Will.

“Oh, god I’m sorry.” Will offered but the man just scowled at him and stalked off. Will groaned and turned to Hannibal. “I’m so sorry, if there’s any trouble I’ll deal with it, you can go home… and forget this disaster ever happened.” Although he faced the doctor, he couldn’t maintain eye contact.

“Will, please. I’ve been enjoying your company. And it is always good to know that should we be attacked in the night by an antlered beast, you are prepared to defend us.” Will couldn’t tell if Hannibal’s tone was mocking. Perhaps sensing his uncertainty Hannibal continued - “This evening has been far from a disaster. Though I will admit that this haunted house has been frightful. Not least because it robbed me of an opportunity I had been hoping for.”

Will made eye contact then, turning a confused look on Hannibal who simply smiled.

“I was hoping dear Will that the darkness and atmosphere would lend itself to a more romantic venture.” Hannibal’s disarming smile was back and Will found he returned it despite himself. If anything it renewed his confidence even if he was skin was prickling with nervous sweat.

“Doctor Lecter, are you trying to tell me that you wanted to use the haunted house to make out like teenagers?” Will asked as a grin spread across his face.

Hannibal moved a step closer, not caring for the few people - equally unimpressed by the attraction - that moved around them.

“I was specifically going for lovestruck teenager, though if you’d waited much longer to ask me out it might have been horny teenager.” A devilish smile then a wink as he leaned in close to Will and pressed their lips together in a soft but deep kiss that Will reciprocated wholeheartedly.

When they pulled apart Will couldn’t help the massive grin on his face. “You could have asked me out.” Will teased.

“I didn’t want to risk scaring you off.”

“I can’t believe for one moment there’s anything about you that would have scared me off.” Will smiled, feeling Hannibal’s hand slip into his as they resumed a walk towards the exit, drawing closer together.

“The risk was too great! And as it happens I would have missed out on this delightful house.” Hannibal murmured the words against Will as he nuzzled into his jaw whilst they walked towards the exit.

“That would have been frightful!” Will agreed, his thoughts suddenly focused on how long it will take to get from the haunted house to the candy floss to the car and whether he could do any of that without stopping to kiss Hannibal Lecter again.

What are friends for?

Chapter Summary

> From the prompt: Hannibal or Will after the dentist being too romantic too affectionate in public and also horny

"Will, I nee, I need you."

"Hannibal?" Will was instantly concerned, not only by the words but the way in which they were slurred. It was not like Hannibal to get drunk, much less in the middle of the day.

"They said to call a friend, I know so many people. Are we friends, Will?" He sounded forlorn. Had something happened? Was that why he was paralytic by 3 in the afternoon?

"Hannibal, what's going on? Are you ok? Are you drunk?"

"No. I…" A light laugh. "I… I need you. Will you help me?"

"Where are you?"

*

"Thank you for coming Mr Graham. He's in the waiti-" The receptionist was unable to finish, giving only a sympathetic smile when she was cut off by Hannibal lumbering from the waiting room to the reception desk.

"Will! You're here. I thought you might not… I had hoped…" he tried to straighten himself up a little. "Thank you for coming."

Will was speechless. Hannibal leaned heavily against the door frame. His hair was mussed, his jacket discarded, vest undone, top button of his shirt popped and tie loose. More than speechless, his breath hitched. Mussed up Hannibal was something he could stand to see more of. He squeezed his eyes shut and pushed down the thought.

"Will you take me home? I had not anticipated the sedation." He cupped his jaw and rubbed, looking a little pathetic and vulnerable. Will sighed, and reached out, realising he was going to stroke Hannibal's cheek - he diverted at the last moment and squeezed his shoulder.

"The car is outside."

*

Getting to the car was interesting. The long corridor from reception to the exit started with Hannibal leaning slightly on Will for balance. By the time they reached the exit, Hannibal was pressed against Will and nuzzling into him. Will tried to push him up and off twice without any

luck, the third effort wasn't even half hearted. By the time they gotout the door of the dentist office, Will had wrapped an arm around Hannibal and was holding him close. For support of course.

At the car Will fished out his keys whilst Hannibal still leaned into him, he froze when he felt the steady breath on his neck turn to lips. Hannibal let out a little moan and then muttered "you're so good to me Will." before resuming kisses, some nipping, some almost sloppy.

"Uh, Hannibal…" Will tried to manoeuvre him off but whilst getting out his keys Hannibal seemed to have completely wound himself around Will and was holding on like a limpet. Will couldn't even move to get the key in the door. He tried to extricate himself but this only resulting in his being able to turn, Hannibal then in his arms, still nuzzling into his neck.

A group of young women, college-aged, walked by and giggled at the sight. One even "aww'd". Will was just grateful they weren't his students.

"Hannibal, stop, you need to-" his words spilled into a low moan as Hannibal happened upon a very sensitive spot. He felt a hand move and suddenly Hannibal was cupping his dick "Stop. Hannibal STOP!" Will managed to push him back and Hannibal looked so deeply contrite it was painful.

"I want us to be friends Will."

"We are, uh… we are friends… buddy." Will gave a dismissive laugh and Hannibal nodded sadly. "You're just… uh, having a bad day with the tooth and everything. Let's just leave it there, I don't want you to feel embarrassed when the drugs wear off, it's just the, uh, the drugs." Hannibal was looking up through his lashes like a damn puppy dog as Will spoke. If Will had wanted to kiss the man - self assured, cultured, well turned out Hannibal - before (and make no mistake he had very much wanted to do that for some time) - he really did now. Will had never been able to turn away a sweet and vulnerable puppy.

Will, now largely disentangled, got his key in the door and opened it. "Ok, I'm gonna take you home and sit with you until the drugs wear off. But you need to be good Hannibal. Ok? No grabby hands? We can talk about all this when you're not high."

Will manhandled Hannibal into the car, it taking a little doing as the man tried to grab at him a little even as he buckled him up and shut the door. Will leaned back against the closed door and took a breath. Now was not the time to make that move he'd been promising himself he would totally do at some point. He went around to the driver's side and got in, Hannibal was snoring lightly and drooling copiously, which was probably for the best.

*

"Oh, hey sleepy head." Will smiled from the armchair as Hannibal started to come to on the sofa. He'd half dragged the man inside after having to frisk him for keys, which had earned resulted in the doctor giggling uncontrollably. Hannibal had then slept a straight four hours.

Hannibal groaned and clutched his jaw as he sat up on the sofa. "Oh Will… I'm so sorry."

"Hey, no problem. We all get weird when we're high." Will forced a laugh, not wanting Hannibal to feel bad.

Hannibal frowned at him. “Will… whilst I’m sorry that I made a public display of myself, I’m actually apologising for not making my feelings known earlier. Had I done so I might have been less inclined to make a fool of myself, and of you, in public like that. I apologise for any embarrassment I caused you.

“I’m sorry too.” Will smiled, moving to sit next to Hannibal. “If you’d told me before today things might have been different.”

Hannibal frowned and looked a little sad. “Oh, how so?”

“I’d have kissed you back.” Will grinned, leaning in to kiss Hannibal.

Hannibal yelped in pain and clutched his jaw as he pulled back sharply. “I believe our timing could have been infinitely better. Perhaps you won’t mind continuing this when I am a little less tender?”

Will laughed. “Of course. What are friends for.”

One Last Letter

Chapter Summary

From the prompt - "Wedding Hannibal"

I sort of took this prompt in a different way than I imagine most might. I'm sure there are loads of murder husband wedding fics, both dark and fluffy, but when I read the words "wedding Hannibal" this jumped immediately to mind. A bittersweet but happy day for our lovely cannibal

Dear One

It has been so long since I have written to you. So much has happened that perhaps I was unsure where to start, though in truth it was because I feared putting any of it to paper in case it turned out to be nothing more than a dream. Dissipating as dust in the wind.

I am sure now that it is not a dream or any other manner of fiction or deceit, and so I will tell you that today we will be married.

A semblance of such at least. A blessing to bind us as one, though we know in our hearts we have been such for a long time now. Perhaps even for longer than these few years since we left our old lives behind.

I had never thought to love again. Had not thought that I could.

But now I wait in this hotel room for the appointed hour, and then I go down to the beach and say vows, exchange rings. Mundane, it would seem. But it is more than the sum of its parts, and I find myself nervous with anticipation. There is an inherent magic in such a thing, that I had never realised before. Putting religion aside, it is still an act of divinity. I have never felt more blessed than I do in knowing that we go willingly to this together. As one.

Once, I believed that in time teacups would be made whole again. They never were. What was taken from me could never be returned any more than that which I took from the world. But now, as I look in this mirror upon this dressing table, I see my face aged by a life shaped by those things. I see too, a tie, a pale suit in which I will be married. It is this that makes me realise that I do not want time to reverse and the teacups to be once more gathered together. For had they never smashed I would not be here this day. I might never have known the happiness I have found. An end to the loneliness I never knew I lived with before that fateful introduction.

My darling Mischa, in my heart I want to wish you were by my side, but were that the case this day would never have come to pass. I have to let you remain shattered. I am sorry dear one. If I could keep you both I would, but alas that was never meant to be.

I will carry you forever within me.

Your brother ~ Hannibal

Sueño por el queso

Chapter Summary

> For @hannibalcreative #Hannibalibre - I wasn't going to partake as I'm more rarepairs/AU peep, but then I started teasing my writing buddies that I would do a Cuban MCD story. It's crack. I'm not sorry XD

Molly, a plain and frumpy woman who had somehow captured the interest of Will Graham, sat at his bedside. The man had been catatonic since his plunge into the Atlantic. Doctor's deemed it a mental disorder. Physically the beautiful man had been barely injured by the fall itself, and his wounds from the dance of death with the Great Red Dragon, we're healing nicely.

"It's OK Will." the woman breathed the words out with obvious relief as she took up the man's limp hand. "He's dead. Lecter's body washed up in Cuba. You're safe now." She smiled warmly at him and ignored his sparkling eyes that appeared to be screaming in agony.

*

Will jolted awake. He was sweating profusely from the nightmare. His body glistening, skin beautifully flushed as he pulled his t-shirt off and lay back in the bed.

"Just a dream." He muttered, keenly feeling the oppressive Cuban heat. "We're still together." He smiled and looked over at his companion.

The corpse of Hannibal Lecter, though still somewhat striking, even imposing, lay rotting next to him in the bed.

*

Hannibal jolted awake. His skin was crawling with the shiver that washed over it as he woke from his dream within a dream. Nightmare lives that might have happened.

"Will…" A loud whisper and a nudge, just to make sure the man were really there.

"unnm… I'm sleeping…" Will rolled over and Hannibal followed him, spooning against his back.

"I had a bad dream Will."

He felt Will let out a deep sigh. "In which we were torn apart, and she who must not be named-"

"your frumpy wife."

"-is my lover instead of you. Or I'm dead. Or you're-"

"Yes I was a corpse this time. Beautifully kept though. You'd done a wonderful job of preserving me as best you could."

“Hannibal. I’m serious. I’ve told you before do not eat that fucking weird queso before bed-”

“The subconscious mind is-”

“Do it again and I’m sleeping on the couch.”

Hannibal went silent and snuggled into Will’s back. No matter how interesting the dreams were, they weren’t worth being parted from Will, even if only for one night. There was definitely something odd about that cheese from that strange cheesemonger in Cuatro Caminos market. He must ask for the recipe.

In Argentina

Chapter Summary

Prompt from SourWolf_Cas: hannibal - will travel (or...honey moon ¿maybe?) in Argentina

Will stirred when the music started playing. Their little apartment in Buenos Aires was a close quarters situation. The living room had doors on three sides - one to the bedroom, the ones to the kitchen and bathroom were on the same wall, and then one to the hallway and the outside world beyond. Hannibal had turned the radio on in the kitchen whilst he was cooking breakfast which Will could therefore hear clear as a bell. It meant breakfast in bed, which had Will stretching out with a smile. He moved to get out of bed to join Hannibal in the kitchen and kiss him good morning - swinging his feet around, the floor creaking as he put them down. He started reaching for his robe, a thin thing just to cover his nudity, the hot weather prohibiting much more.

“Remain where you are please.” Will heard Hannibal call through, he had clearly heard the groan of the floorboards.

“Lucky I don’t need to pee.” Will called back and settled into the bed again. The smile on his face strained the skin over his scar. He enjoyed mornings like this. Hannibal had decided that this 8 months and counting in Argentina was their extended honeymoon after the small beach blessing they’d had in Chile before traveling south. He wasn’t sure when they were going to move on again, it was meant to be after three months, but Hannibal was enjoying this too and they felt safe. They had started to live - they had a favourite restaurant where they were welcomed; they went shopping at the market on Sundays; they had taken tango lessons. A silly comment had turned into a joke, which had turned into a dare, which had resulted in actual lessons. Will hadn’t become as proficient as Hannibal had hoped, but it was inevitable considering most of their practicing at home was cut short in favour of hungry and hard sex. Will grinned at the memory as Hannibal entered the bedroom with a small tray of his freshly baked pastries.

He set them down on the table on Will’s side, before moving back to his own side of the bed with a smile. “You’re bright this morning.”

Will raised one eyebrow. “Why, Doctor Lecter, are you saying I’m a grump in the mornings?” He let his eyes roam over Hannibal’s fit and tanned form, naked but for the small white apron tied around his waist. It was true early mornings did often make him snarky, but breakfast in bed was certainly a good pick-me-up.

“No, of course not darling.” Hannibal leaned over and kissed Will’s forehead. “Not every morning.” He winked and Will chuckled. He wasn’t sure he’d ever be completely used to Hannibal without his person suit, but he enjoyed it.

“I was just thinking about the tango actually. We really shouldn’t give up on perfecting it.” Will grinned. Hannibal’s smile was soft but Will was sure he saw his cock twitch under the apron.

Will chuckled again and leaned across to grab a pastry.

He heard Hannibal's hum of delight a moment before he felt the man on him. Hannibal pressed him down into the bed, his lips on the side of Will's neck and his stirring cock rocking against Will's ass with only the fabric of the apron between them. Hannibal moved against him as his cock filled and Will's did so in response.

"Care to dance mylimasis?" Hannibal's accent was thick and his voice rich in Will's ear. Will arched into his touch, pushing back on his crotch and letting out a low moan.

"I thought you'd never ask."

Season 1 AU - Secret dating and caught at the Christmas Party

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: I would like very much to read about a season 1 AU where Will and Hannibal start secretly to date each other. They are discovered when everyone goes to a fancy Christmas party in another city. All the guests are talking about Hannibal's date, but Jack never gets the name or the gender...until he sees them. Possibly first person POV and smitten and ridiculously embarassed Will and Hannibal! Also, Bev, Alana, Bella and sassy science team.

Chapter Notes

> I love this! Thanks for the great prompt :D I actually have a half written season 1 AU where they start dating - 13k words so far but not sure when I'll ever get to finishing and posting it. Even so, I made an effort to do this in a different way in case I ever do post that one. Hopefully you enjoy it, tried to make it a little fun.
>
> Also doubles as a prompt fill for today's #HanniHolidays ~ Eskimo Kisses!

It wasn't even mid-December and Jack was already about to lose his goddamn mind with all the festivities. Aside from the forced Christmas cheer at Quanitco, the Christmas functions had started in November and now he was being dragged to his third one. The one with Bella's work had been bad enough, the one for the FBI had been a little excruciating. All the more so for Bev telling Bella about the new exhibition opening at the Smithsonian's Forensic Anthropology department, that they were trying to get tickets for.

"Oh Jack. That sounds fascinating! And a weekend in Washington would be lovely." Bella had smiled knowing that there was no way Jack would deny her anything. His only hope was that they wouldn't get tickets.

But of course, Bev managed it. Jack pocketed his phone with a sigh, having just received the confirmation via text.

"Everything ok, Jack?" Hannibal asked as they stood at the edge of the crime scene.

"Yeah, just… How many Christmas events can people seriously fit into December?" He let out an exasperated sigh.

"I know what you mean, I have far more invites than time, myself." Hannibal chuckled lightly and then hesitated as he seemed to consider whether or not to give over the next piece of information. "I… I can at least console myself that they give me the opportunity to spend more time with my... paramore."

Jack smiled at that. “And how long have you been seeing this special someone?” he teased.

“Oh.” Hannibal waved a dismissive hand. “Several weeks now, but we’re taking it slow. It’s all rather private at the moment.”

Jack was sure he didn’t imagine the sigh at the end of that. Perhaps the doctor wanted things to be moving faster with his mysterious date. He wasn’t sure if it was an invitation to ask, but Jack wasn’t going to pry. Besides, Jimmy was waving them over with an excited look, which likely meant he was about to see something horrifyingly disgusting.

*

Dinner with Bella had been lovely until it was crashed by his lab team, all excited about their shared night off in Washington. Jack had to wonder at the people who considered it a fun thing to spend a night off from forensics at an exhibition about forensics.

By the time they had paid for dinner and pulled Brian from the girl he had been chatting up at the bar, the exhibition was well underway.

Jack had to admit, the festive forensics exhibition on frozen corpses was interesting, and he might be tempted to return in the new year to take it all in better. For now it was too busy, and the socialising and networking seemed to be taking priority over actual viewing of the exhibit.

The lab team had split off from him and Bella, but met back at the drinks table to discover they had lost Brian altogether.

“Probably gone back to the bar.” Bev winked.

“No gossip Katz!” Jack instructed. She only winked again, but more of a mocking exaggeration, which he chose to ignore.

“Hey, isn’t that Doctor Lecter?” Jimmy pointed across the room and Hannibal Lecter was definitely stood by a panel, talking pleasantly to someone whilst holding two glasses of wine.

“Yeah! Let’s go say hi.” Katz replied.

It was only a moment later that Jack recalled what Hannibal had said about taking a date to Christmas events, and stopped them. “Wait, guys, wait!” He put on his authoritarian work tone. “Maybe we should let the doctor enjoy his evening?”

“Oh my god, Jack! What do you know that we don’t?” Bev was grinning at him because of course she immediately had sniffed out the gossip.

“Look, Hannibal is here with a date, maybe he’d like to be alone and keep that on the down low?” Jack told them in a low voice.

“What?” Bev looked way too excited. “I have to check this out! He's a catch, can't wait to see who managed to bag him!”

Bev took off at an almost trot, leaving Jack and Jimmy to try and keep up whilst Bella shook her head and grinned. Did he try and stop Bev? She was a grown ass woman and shouldn’t be his responsibility. But he did feel bad for letting slip about Doctor Lecter.

As they had moved forward, Hannibal moved too, apparently having seen someone. He'd started towards the door that lead out to the bathrooms - his date was no doubt returning.

Jack wasn't sure what - who - they had been expecting. But when Will Graham appeared, smiling and holding out his hand for Lecter's second glass, all three of them looked like they were catching flies as they came to a crashing halt.

"Oh… but…" Jimmy started.

"What… do we do?" Bev looked dumbstruck.

"We turn our asses around and pretend like we saw nothing at all." Jack told them. Even as he said it he tried to turn, but it appeared that all three of them were glued to the spot. They hadn't yet been noticed, but from their clear vantage point they could see the two men - their colleagues - smiling and chatting easily. Flirting, clearly.

And then Doctor Lecter leaned in and was whispering something in Will's ear that made the goddamn man blush! When he pulled back Will leaned forward and for a moment Jack thought they were going to kiss.

It was worse.

"Oh my god!" Bev clapped her hands to her mouth and then muttered through them "that is just too adorable!"

Will had rubbed his nose against Hannibal's. Eskimo kisses! Damn eskimo kisses!

And then Jack noticed one of Will's hands casually snaking around the doctor's waist and then down to rest on his...

"Oh come on!" Jack hadn't meant to sound as indignant as he did. Nor as loud.

Will and Hannibal turned and looked at the same time and then everything happened in slow motion. Jimmy and Katz gasped. Will and Hannibal both went wide-eyed and red-faced - a perfect mirror of Jack. All this just as Bella appeared at his arm and muttered -

"Oh my!"

"What do we do?" Jimmy spoke in stage whisper as all six of them stood frozen - eyes fixed on each other.

"We are all going to turn and walk out of here like this never happened." Jack regained enough composure to reply. "We're going to go back to that bar, likely find Zeller drowning his sorrows after having struck out. And we will join him and drink until we obliterate this memory from our minds."

"But… it's so cute!" Bev interjected. "the way Will grabbed his ass is just-"

"You do what you want Katz, but come Monday when I have to work with them, I know I need to be able to look them in the face. And one more eskimo kiss is going to make that real difficult for me, I'm not going to even acknowledge the ass grab!"

“Ok, good point.” Bev turned on her heel and started towards the coat check. All but Jack followed suit.

He waited a moment and made full eye contact with Hannibal and Will before giving a curt nod. The doctor returned the nod - perhaps an acknowledgement that this would be mutually ignored. Either way, Jack figured that Will must not have been so happy with that, or else had decided the gig was up, because his eyes narrowed and he looked between Jack and Hannibal. And then he grabbed Hannibal’s tie and pulled him into a very public kiss that likely had the doctor’s toes curling.

As Jack turned and left, trying to work out just how much liquor he’d need to scrub his brain, he was just glad Zeller hadn't been with them. If there was one thing he was even less happy to deal with come Monday it was Zeller’s jealous sulking.

Will can't figure out what to get Hannibal for Christmas

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Prompts: 1) Their first Christmas together, murder-husbands style; 2) Hannibal gets visited by a ghost (a la 'A Christmas Carol'); or 3) Will can't figure out what to get Hannibal for Christmas. Thanks in advance! <333

Also for #HanniHolidays and #WinterMurderland

Chapter Notes

Oh gosh!! I wanted to do all of these, but number 1 is very much like a sequel I was already planning for one of my previous fics but don't yet have time for, and 2 would most likely turn into crack like Queso (but I may well come back and do just that at some point if I have time). So for now I have gone with number 3, which I just love! I hope you like what I came up with!

Will Graham was stuck with the sort of problem he had never imagined he would have in a million years: What to buy his boyfriend for Christmas.

It sounded easy enough on the surface, but when the boyfriend in question was fairly well off, incredibly particular about his interests - Will didn't dare buy him anything for the kitchen - and actual nobility, it made it hard to come up with the right sort of present for their first Christmas together.

Will had seen plenty of things in the shops that, aesthetically, Hannibal might like. But either they were out of his price range, or they were the cheaper version of what Hannibal would buy. He'd set the day aside for shopping, determined to find something, but by the fifth shop he was tired, frustrated and a little embarrassed. All too helpful shop workers kept offering advice, trying to help him. But in the end he knew he was just pissing them off when he walked out with no purchase.

The sixth shop was a book store. As soon as he walked in, Will knew he wouldn't find anything here. Hannibal technically had two libraries - one in his office and one in his home study - and Will was pretty sure it was yet another area where he would miss the mark if he tried.

"Can I help you?" He'd just been about to turn and walk out when a young woman approached him with a pleasant smile.

"Uh… I'm looking for something for my boyfriend, but he's… he's really particular." Will frowned and scrubbed roughly at the back of his neck.

“Ok.” She nodded taking it in, as though this was a challenge she dealt with often. “Particular fussy, or particular rich?”

“Oh.” Will was caught a little off guard, but felt reassured by her determined expression. “A bit of both I guess.”

“Hmm.” She nodded thoughtfully. After a moment she looked around as though to ascertain whether anyone could overhear, before leaning in to speak quietly. “Have you considered something personal, like something homemade? Or a photo of you together, something like that? It’s often a better gift for that type.”

Will hadn’t considered it at all. It hadn’t even occurred to him, and yet immediately an idea sprang to mind. He smiled and the shop girl smiled back.

“Failing that, I have something in the novelty section that often goes down well.” She beckoned Will and he followed.

*

They sat on the sofa in front of the fire with a bottle of wine. Legs entwined as they near leaned against each other. Will had been really sure of his gifts until he unwrapped the one from Hannibal - a pretty expensive jacket that was perfect for going out ice fishing. It was practical, which was something Will preferred in a gift, but thoughtful too. It was all round a pretty good gift and the expense of it made Will feel a little conscious of his own offerings.

Even so, Hannibal was grinning as he pulled off the paper and held the frame in his hands. In the frame, backed with some deep green plaid not unlike one of Hannibal’s suits, was a fishing lure - red twine, deep red feather flecked with black.

“Will, it’s…” Hannibal seemed lost for words, and Will hoped not in a bad way.

“It’s to remind you of our trip. Where you-”

“Yes, I think it’s safe to say I haven't quite mastered unhooking fish.” Hannibal smiled.

“No.” Will agreed with a chuckle. “I was pretty hooked as I recall.” He remembered the fishing trip they had taken in the summer. Will had taught Hannibal how to fish and Hannibal had stuck his thumb with the pointy end of the lure when he’d tried to extract the hook from the fish. It was crazy how much blood there had been. He turned out to have nicked a vein and they had to cut short the fishing and drive to a clinic to get stitches. That night in the rustic hotel was the first time they slept together - whilst avoiding Hannibal’s bandaged thumb.

Will felt his cheeks burn at the memory. Hannibal quirked a mischievous smile and leaned in for a kiss. It was soft and slow with the promise of more.

When they pulled back Will grinned and pulled an envelope from his pocket. His ‘backup’ from the novelty section. “I also got you these.”

Hannibal looked curious as he took the envelope and looked inside, his own grin widening while thumbed through the contents and read over them. “Hmm, I’d never seen the attraction in coupon clipping before, but I think I could prove a convert.”

Will grinned and pulled Hannibal into another kiss. The envelope fell from Hannibal's hand and the novelty coupons spilled onto the floor, waiting to be redeemed.

Greysweatpants Challenge

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: So #greysweatpantschallenge with Will in the sweat pants and Hannibal drooling everywhere

Chapter Notes

> Ok, so…I've been taking a social media break and only really getting on tumblr to post fic updates or if friends link me stuff, so I had no idea what this was and had to look it up! The internet is a bizarre place. I hope you enjoy what I came up with!
>
> This one also fits with the #HanniHolidays Candy Cane prompt for further hilarity.

Will was in the grey sweatpants that Hannibal was quite fond… very fond of. If he was honest, they turned him into something of a drooling mess. They weren't the most elegant garment that Will possessed but the way they fit snug around his rear and the way his…

The ache in his groin told Hannibal that his compassion for them was inconvenient. Even so he was sure Will hadn't noticed…

"Will, what are you…"

…

The first time he noticed it, Will thought he'd been mistaken. But by the fourth time he'd caught Hannibal discreetly checking him out whilst he was wearing his grey sweatpants sans underwear, Will decided to test his hypothesis.

The first test wasn't conclusive. He'd worn them to go for a jog with the dog, so when he returned it wasn't clear if that lust filled look was just the effect of the pants and free swinging package therein, or his general sweaty, disheveled appearance - which Hannibal also seemed to enjoy a great deal.

The second test was both more elaborate and unfortunately still ambiguous -

"I think I'll go shopping tomorrow, in the town. Those old grey sweatpants are fit for the trash. I was going to buy a pair of these great sports pants with a built in gusset… kinda just keeps everything in place even if you don't wear underwear."

"Will!" Hannibal's voice had been a pitch higher than either of them expected. He cleared his throat before continuing "I don't think there's any need to go shopping… I mean… your… yes, your

beard hasn't grown in much since your last trim. Someone might recognise you from the scar."

Will smiled but narrowed his eyes at the man. Was it about the sweatpants or did Hannibal just not trust his taste in clothes?

Will had one final idea. He had to know once and for all -

"Will, what are you…" Hannibal stopped in his tracks and Will looked up in the bathroom mirror. Hannibal's gaze was trained on the sweatpants. He looked like he might start drooling.

"Oh hey. Um, just this thing… an internet thing…" Will watched Hannibal's eye twitch slightly in the reflection.

"I thought you bought that as a decoration for the lawn…?" Hannibal spoke slowly.

"I did… I just…" Will stopped to snap another picture. He looked at the result for a moment and then began typing - speaking the words aloud - "hashtag greysweatpantschallenge. Sweet surprise for Santa! Lol."

"What do you think?" Will turned the phone to Hannibal to show him the picture of the over-sized candy cane jutting out of the pants while he pulled a sexy face - biting his lower lip in a way he knew Hannibal loved.

Hannibal practically roared as he lunged at Will kissing him hard, pulling the lawn ornament from his pants and letting it drop to the floor. A moment later they broke apart and Hannibal turned him roughly - pressing him against the bathroom counter. Will shuddered as he heard Hannibal behind him unzip his fly and start to unbuckle his belt.

"Let me just take off these sweatpants-"

"Leave them on!" Hannibal demanded roughly.

Will grinned as he was willingly bent over and the pants pulled down to his thighs in the most reverent manner.

His chuckles were replaced by moans as Hannibal proved the hypothesis very thoroughly for the rest of the evening.

Blind Date AU

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: An au where Will meets Hannibal via a dating sight, Will having never seen his photo before he agrees to meet him at a local cafe. Hannibal simply tell him to look for the man wearing purple and asks him to wear something green.

Something green. Will smiled and grabbed his favourite scarf.

It wasn't that cold out, not really cold enough for a scarf, but it was his accessory of choice - often wearing one regardless of the weather. Some people thought it was pretentious, or a little hipster. Will just liked using scarves to dress up his outfit - something much harder for men than women - and he was never going to be ashamed of that.

Even if some had scoffed at him in the past.

He sighed. Hesitating before opening the front door. They hadn't even exchanged photos. Will had been initially glad of that - he hated to be judged by his looks. Not that he was hideous. Nope, the problem was he was too pretty. Half the time that was all people were interested in. He was arm candy. They rarely liked the salty asshole that came with the beautiful face. He was smart, sharp. And yet so few actually gave a shit about that. For someone not already great with people, each of these interactions just served to make him more and more antisocial.

What if this guy judged him on his looks as soon as he saw him? Maybe the scarf was a mistake - he'd been told the scarf brought out the flecks of green in his otherwise blue eyes. He sighed again.

Too late really. The only other green thing he owned was a plaid shirt and that was definitely not fit for a date. He swallowed his nerve and left the house.

*

It would be just his luck to be stood up, really.

He had been chatting over the dating site with Hannibal for several weeks. To the point that he was no longer chatting to anyone else, or looking at other profiles. Nope, the only reason he was logging in these days was to talk to the smart and charming man who - just like him - had opted for an obscure profile picture. Will's was of his dog Winston - because if people weren't interested in Winston then he wasn't interested in them. Hannibal's was an origami heart. The image of it was seared in his mind.

And now they were finally going to meet.

Except, he'd gotten to the restaurant five minutes early and it was now nearly half an hour later. He sat nursing the wine he had ordered, thinking he should have opted for whiskey. He would give it five more minutes, he decided, as he checked his phone again. Nothing. No messages.

Ten minutes later he paid up for the wine and asked for his coat.

Maybe Hannibal had seen him and decided against it. Decided that he had no time for such a clearly vain and precious creature - as so many assumed. He knew his face didn't always add up with the personality for some. He had just hoped they'd been talking long enough for that not to be a factor.

Will sighed and took one last look around the restaurant, before heading out.

On the street, the air had cooled slightly, and he tugged the scarf a little tighter, though it still wasn't totally necessary. He'd take a walk and clear his head. Then go home and delete his dating profile. He was better off with just dogs for company.

He had been looking down at the scarf and didn't notice someone walking past him until he turned into the man and nearly knocked them both off their feet.

"Damn, I'm sorry. Shit." Will managed to grab the stranger before he fell to the ground. "I'm sorry about that." He had pulled the man to him to steady them both and now stood looking into the most amazing maroon eyes. He wasn't keen on a lot of eye contact, but he could lose himself in those deep, dark, pools.

Will was only vaguely aware that they were still clinging to each other.

"My fault, I'm running late, I should have…" the words, spoken in the thick and smooth accent, trailed off.

Will could feel his heart pounding in his chest. They were still holding each other.

Like lovers. Will tried not to think that but did anyway.

The man smiled, sharp teeth strangely mesmerising. Will felt his cheeks burn and he averted his eyes. As he lowered them he saw the purple scarf and grinned. Another scarf fan.

Purple!

The realisation hit him hard and he automatically tightened his grip in response. He swallowed hard.

"Hannibal?" He asked warily, raising his eyes back up.

The man's smile widened and his own grip tightened.

"Will." He breathed out the name.

Will was sure his heart skipped a little beat.

Soul Mate AU (Hannigram and Spacedogs)

Chapter Summary

> AU were every night you dream about your soulmate and vice versa, but when you wake up, you immediately forget about them. Then, when you meet them in real life, you remember all the amazing adventures you had with them, and you remember loving them.

"Will. It happened." Will heard Adam's fractious tone down the phone line and knew immediately what he was talking about.

"Are you ok? Do you need me to come visit?" He'd always been close to his cousin but he felt almost responsible since Adam's dad had died and left him all alone in New York with Will so far away in Wolftrap.

"No… no, I'm…" Adam breathed out a light laugh. "I'm ok. I've been so worried." Another laugh and it warmed Will through. Adam had been more than worried. He'd been terrified of ever meeting his soulmate. Of having that flood of memories and dreams not quite remembered, and all that emotion pressed upon him. He was often overwhelmed as it was - Will could relate.

"He's nice. He… His name is Nigel and he just moved in upstairs and… Will, the dreams, they were so good. So happy. I… I think this must be how love feels."

Will was grinning at his cousin's words and happily let him rattle on for another hour about this most amazing guy - Nigel. The man actually sounded like a criminal, which Adam also agreed with. But he knew in his heart that it would work out, and that was enough for Will. Even so, he might consider a visit sometime soon.

Will thought about the whole thing a long while after he hung up the phone. He wondered what that must feel like. To get all those memories and feel that connection. To feel conjoined with someone else to the point of blurring together.

He felt a shiver go through him.

Best he never feel it himself. In the corners of his mind there were after effects of dreams. A feeling on waking. A smell. An image that he couldn't quite focus on. But he knew it. It was blood and death. And power.

Righteous and victorious.

He didn't dare consider what dreams his soulmate might unlock. He knew - regardless of a deep and pressing inner need he was sure everyone experienced - that to meet them would be terrible and dangerous.

And beautiful.

Will scrubbed a hand over his face and turned off the light. He needed to get to bed. He had a meeting with Jack Crawford in the morning, to meet some specialist or consultant? Jack had been vague.

He just wanted to keep his head down and get on with his work. The thought of being in Jack's office with some stranger when he had better things to do already irked him.

He couldn't imagine it would be anyone he would find remotely interesting.

Will's favourite toy is a striped deer...

Chapter Summary

AU in which Will was a favorite toy striped deer. And then he meets Hannibal...

Inspired by this tumblr post from sutkliffes-world69

The suit seemed vaguely familiar.

Will was sure he'd never seen the guy before - he would have definitely remembered those cheekbones. And really, he would have remembered the ostentatious suit too. So why the hell did it

seem so familiar and yet he couldn't place it?

It was a sort of rich brown with a blue stripe through it, the blue picking out the colour of the man's tie and pocket square.

As the mingling continued, he couldn't help but steal glances at the suit, to the point where even Alana noticed.

"Will?" She chuckled and his cheeks burned, "That's Doctor Lecter. Did you want me to introduce you?" He tone was both amused and suggestive.

"What?!" Will's eyes went wide, "No, I… The suit… It's…"

"Ah." She nodded and gave a knowing smile, "Yes, he's kind of a dandy really isn't he?" Her giggle was almost girlish.

Will made a noncommittal noise and sipped at his drink. He'd known Alana quite sometime and when her car broke down and she needed a ride to this Psychology Forum Evening, he hadn't realised she'd want him to stay. He'd have been happy waiting in the car until she was done.

But here he was. Will Graham, a man with what one might call and aversion to psychiatrists, drinking whiskey that was well over his teacher's salary, and watching a dandy in a bizarrely familiar suit.

A short while later someone stood next to him, clearing his throat. Will was looking down into his almost empty glass, saddened that he could only have that one if he was to drive later, and assuming someone was trying to get Alana's attention.

"Good evening," A voice crooned, incredibly close to his ear.

Will startled a little and stepped back, placing enough room between himself and the gentleman to realise it was the dandy in the suit.

"Hannibal Lecter," The man offered his name and his hand.

Will was not a stranger to social graces, he just rarely employed them, so there was only a moment's hesitation before he took hold of Lecter's hand and shook it.

"Oh, Hannibal, how are you?" Alana immediately stole the man's attention, the handshake - their hands still held fast - appeared to have been forgotten. Or at least Will assumed so, wondering how he was going to extricate himself from the gentle grip without embarrassment.

"A pleasure to see you Alana, is this gentleman a friend of yours? I still didn't catch his name," The man smiled politely at Alana and then stroked his thumb over the back of Will's hand.

Okay, so maybe the shake wasn't forgotten.

Will swallowed, hard, trying not to let the little shiver running over him become evident in his hand.

Will opened his mouth to give his name when realisation hit.

The way the man turned to the light, his brown eyes giving off a strange hint of red. Everything clicked. Not red, but pink. Pink eyes and blue tie with a striped suit and-

It was though a pendulum swung across his mind, blanking it out and then refilling it with the truth.

“Little Stag Man!” Will exclaimed. It dawned on him completely that this man might as well be the flesh and blood incarnation of the little stuffed key-ring that hung from the rear-view mirror of his car and had been his lucky charm since high school.

How the hell had he missed it? He let out a little chuckle at himself.

And then there was a gentle squeeze of his hand that brought him back to reality with a blush.

Alana was wearing a concerned frown that clearly questioned how much he’d had to drink, and Lecter was looking amused, but in a delighted way.

“An interesting name, you must tell me how you came by it,” Lecter squeezed his hand again before letting it go, gesturing towards the bar. A twinkle in his eye that Will did not need to be empathic to understand.

His heart did a little offbeat thud, and he found himself nodding, “Sure,” and wondering if Alana would be cool with his paying for her to get a taxi home instead.

How could he turn down anyone with as good a wardrobe taste as Little Stag Man?

The Anniversary Gift

Chapter Summary

For TWOTL Day 2018

“It’s… it’s not much.” Will winced and rubbed the back of his neck, feeling the heat there. It had seemed like such a good idea right up until that moment.

“Will…” Hannibal breathed out his name, but Will didn’t dare look at him.

He’d wanted to do something special. He’d been planning it for a while - it was technically their anniversary after all. And he had been excited by the idea… but now, having revealed the surprise he’d been physically putting together all morning, he felt self conscious. It was a silly idea, and Hannibal would likely be nice about it so as not to be rude about the poor facsimile of Hannibal’s herb wall he had created.

“It isn’t like Baltimore, I’m sorry… I just…” Will tried to explain, gesturing to the shelves he had built and the potted herbs sat on them.

He was still avoiding Hannibal’s eyes, so he didn’t notice the man move quietly closer until he was in front of him. Hannibal put a finger under his jaw, lifting and forcing him to meet his eyes.

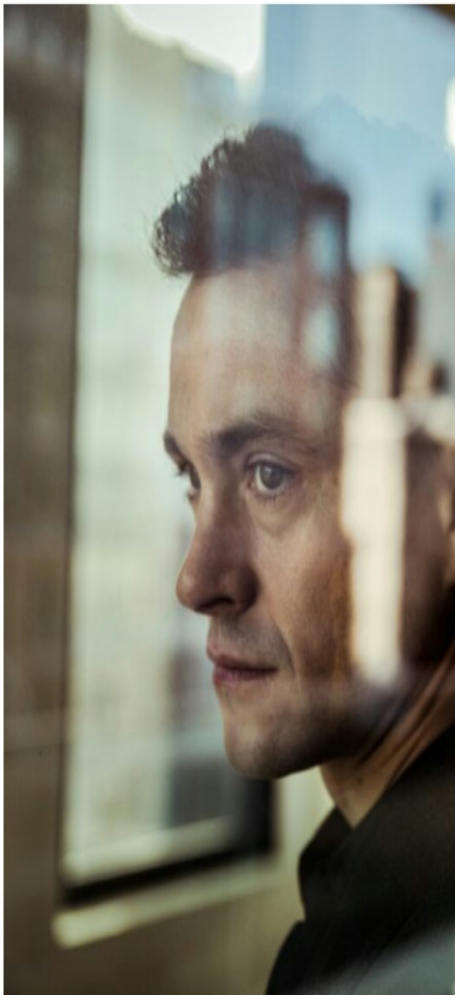
Hannibal’s face was lit by a loving smile, and he used the angle to press a soft kiss to Will’s lips. Will felt his chest tighten at the sight of Hannibal’s total adoration.

“It’s beautiful.”

Japan - Season 4

Chapter Summary

Murder Husbands in Japan



Will placed the teacup on the shelf with all the others. The collection they had silently started between market places and curio shops.

He knew Hannibal would be on the balcony, maybe reading, maybe just watching life go by. He had never known the man so serene. Like the calm before the storm. They wouldn't be here forever, just long enough to heal.

Then perhaps they would find more dragons to slay.

Mardi Gras (Hannigram)

Chapter Summary

For Hannigram Mardi Gras

GRAS

Will knew he was just the right side of drunk. He could not say the same for Hannibal. As Hannibal loosened his tie on, what Will had already argued was a ridiculous suit for the occasion, he just couldn't be mad. There was something soft and vulnerable there that peeked through when Hannibal's walls came down a little. It warmed Will in ways he couldn't explain. Even so, it was only 9pm and Hannibal had tried more than once for a sloppy drunken kiss… this was going to be a long night!

My Feelings

Chapter Summary

Drabble: Explicit / Hannibal/Will: Season 2, masturbation

“I have to deal with you and my feelings about you. I think it's best if I do that directly.”

Hannibal grunted as the words played in his mind. Will’s expression, even his stance, as he said he’d like to resume his therapy. It had all been a declaration that Will Graham was no longer a plaything. They were on an equal footing now and there was no doubting how dangerous Will was. Not least because of the feelings he aroused in Hannibal. A powerful adversary, or ally. A friend.

With another grunt Hannibal shuddered, coming all over his fist.

A Life Debt

Chapter Summary

Double Drabble: Teen & Up / Hannibal/Will / Season 4, vampire au, tending wounds

“Drink, damn you!” Will growled in frustration as he held his cut wrist to Hannibal’s mouth. The self-inflicted wound was already starting to heal and if Hannibal couldn’t revive enough to even sup at Will’s blood then he would be lost.

*

“Will?” Hannibal blinked his eyes open to see Will tending his wounds, wrapping them in gauze as they had not yet begun to heal as expected.

“You lost a lot of blood,” Will explained, his tone cold but shaking with emotion.

“And you knew to give me yours,” Hannibal commented, weakly.

Will looked at him then, the unspoken truth about each other that they had both perhaps known since the day they met.

“I knew you were so far gone that only another vampire’s blood could save you.”

“Thank you, Will.” Hannibal replied softly, relaxing into the light touch against his raw flesh.

“Don’t thank me yet. This means you’re enthralled to me now. You owe me a life debt.”

Hannibal considered this, his heart beginning to slowly pump once more. He was enthralled to the creature he’d fallen in love with. Never to be separated until the debt was repaid.

“I can think of worse things,” Hannibal smiled.

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